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# Memorial

OF

# HENRY WARE HALL.

# Memorial

OF

# HENRY WARE HALL,

ADJUTANT 51ST REGIMENT ILLINOIS INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

## AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN THE FIRST CHURCH, DORCHESTER, MASS.,
SUNDAY, JULY 17, 1864.

BY THOMAS B. FOX.

With an Appendix.

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PRINTED BY REQUEST FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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BOSTON:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON.
1864.

9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

Boston, July 19, 1864.

Rev. Thomas B. Fox.

Dear Sir, — Allow us, in behalf of the First Parish in Dorchester, to express our thanks for your appropriate and satisfactory services on Sunday last in memory of Adjutant Henry Ware Hall, and to ask you to favor us with a copy of your Address for publication.

Respectfully yours,

Thomas Groom.
Daniel Denny.
John H. Robinson.
John G. Nazro.

---

To Messrs. Thomas Groom, Daniel Denny,
John H. Robinson, and John G. Nazro.

Gentlemen, — I thank you for your very kind expression, in behalf of the First Parish in Dorchester, of your satisfaction with my services on Sunday last in memory of Adjutant Hall.

In reply to your request, I would say, if it is in accordance with the feelings of the parents and kindred of my loved and gallant young friend, the manuscript of my Address is at your disposal; understanding, as I do, that you propose to print it for private circulation, and not for publication in the usual sense of the word.

Respectfully and sincerely yours, &c.,

Thos. B. Fox.

July 20, 1864.

# ADDRESS.

HENRY, — you will allow me to call him familiarly by his Christian name, the name we best knew him by, — for I cannot use studied phrases, or be formal now, — HENRY has also "died for his country."

A child of this parish, — the eldest son of your pastor; born among you, reared among you; the playmate of some of you from his cradle; dear to you for the sake of his kindred and for his own sake; living nobly and dying bravely; to be remembered by coming generations as one of the true men of this generation, — I do not wonder that you claimed, as your right, the privilege of paying the public tribute due to his memory; and I can understand how the shrinking privacy of home acknowledged the fitness of your loving demand, and yielded to it. My sympathies are with that proudly mourning home that forgets not in its own

sorrow the like sorrow of many — alas! how many! — other homes. My sympathies are with you in the desire to honor here, in this hallowed place, and on this hallowed day, by a special memorial service, your young soldier, whose grave, if you could only reach it, you would garland and hide with flowers. May my words do justice to my own heart, and be such words as you would have me speak!

Henry Ware Hall was born March 21, 1839. He was a pupil in our public schools, and one of the four boys — it seems but yesterday when they were clustered together as bright, happy boys, charming us with their sportive ways and fair promise — who were the first to leave the High School, to be admitted, to their own credit and that of their accomplished teacher, "unconditioned," that is, fully prepared, into Harvard College, in 1856, as members of what is known as the class of 1860. Of that little band, one served out honorably the term of his enlistment as a private in a Massachusetts regiment. Two have been killed. The other, the manly Christian chaplain, whose conscientious faithfulness is only equalled by his steady courage, is now a prisoner in the hands, not of his enemies, but of the enemies of his country. Would he were here in my stead to speak in his

honest, simple way of Henry, as he did of another classmate and friend! Of this record of its earliest graduates, the High School may well be proud. There is sadness about it, but glory likewise. Scholarship, patriotism, heroism, brief lives of renown, fearless dying, steady devotion to the right, — surely that is enough. God keep the survivors, and crown their days, few or many, with a consecrated success!

Henry remained two years at Cambridge, and then — that he might have a better chance, which he readily accepted and grandly used, to recover from indolent and careless ways of living — entered Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. He finished his course in that institution, with honor, in the summer of 1860; and passed the following autumn and winter in Dorchester, reading, and making up his mind what profession to adopt. He finally decided to be a lawyer, and to reside at the West. He was a student in Chicago when the war broke out; and, after fitting himself in a drill-club, early joined the Fifty-first Illinois Regiment as one of its lieutenants. He was soon made a captain; subsequently resigning that rank, in the belief that he could thereby be more useful, to take the position of adjutant, which he held to the time of

his death. The regiment served in the expedition down the Mississippi, at Island No. 10, and at Corinth. It afterwards joined the forces under Rosecrans, fought at Stono River, and took part in the campaign to Chattanooga. In the battle of Chickamauga, early last autumn, Henry was very severely wounded. He was taken prisoner whilst in the field-hospital, and paroled. How his father sought him, and, after a tedious, anxious, and dangerous journey, found him, less dangerously hurt than we had been led to fear, and brought him home a convalescent, to be soon made strong and whole again by breathing his native air, you know. Most of you saw Henry during that visit; and I need not tell you how he looked or how he bore himself. You will agree with me, I am quite sure, that he was then, in all respects, a soldier and a man, in whom his kindred and his friends could take a just pride. He remained with us until December, when he left to return to St. Louis, to be ready for duty as soon as he should be exchanged. I met him some days afterwards, owing to a disarrangement of the railroad trains, for a few moments at Cleveland, Ohio; and so was, I suppose, the last of his home-friends to see him alive. In that brief interview, we both regretted that he was not at liberty

to accompany me to the Army of the Cumberland, whither I was bound. I wanted his pleasant society, and what I knew would be his efficient aid; and he wanted to be once more in active service. He had the pleasure of seeing his regiment at Chicago whilst enjoying the furlough it had obtained by re-enlisting; but he could not go back with it. Not until it was on the present campaign in Georgia, under Sherman, was he released from his parole, and allowed to go to the front. He made all haste to go; hurrying along what to him was the path of duty; well knowing, from his past experience, that it might be, as it has proved to be, hurrying to meet death. He had hardly been a month at his post, when, on the 27th of June, the Fifty-first Illinois led an assaulting column, on Kenesaw Mountain. Henry was in front, cheering on the men, when he fell at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The attack was unsuccessful, and our forces were driven back. Some of the soldiers of the Fifty-first were wounded in daring but fruitless attempts to reach his body. It was recovered the next day under a flag of truce, and buried in a retired spot within our lines; the grave carefully fenced and marked by his surviving comrades. It was found ten steps from the breastworks, struck by nearly a dozen

bullets. His death must have been instantaneous. The enemy spoke of his daring gallantry, and met the application for his remains and his sword with courtesy and kindness. His brother, who has just entered the navy, wears to-day, as the gift of his mother, to whom it was sent, the ring taken from Henry's finger. May it prove to him a talisman against all evil!

Such are the outlines of the movements, pursuits, and deeds of a career suddenly closed at the age of twenty-five. As we recall the spirit's life which filled these outlines, how crowded they seem with its spontaneous joy, its temptations, its struggles, its brief failures, its self-won victories, its final beauty, and its crowning nobleness! What an unfolding and growth of soul, through early training, the discipline of circumstances and events, and sincerely earnest endeavors to be true, up to a strong, harmonious manhood! It is this unfolding and growth, or rather its culminating results, we are here mainly to commemorate.

Henry was a pleasant child, not precocious, but fair to look upon; docile, affectionate, quick-witted, and sweet-tempered; easily managed at home, and always a favorite with his mates. His boyhood was a boyhood of health and gladness. He was a

joy to himself, and a joy to those who watched over him as their first-born.

Concerning his early youth, his college-days, I give the testimony of his peers, his daily companions. They all loved him; praised his fine abilities and his generous nature; felt sure of him, and sure of his future. How correct the insight of their warm friendship, and what true prophets their affections were, time has already proved; for it is no common-place or ill-balanced or merely negative character I am to speak of, as I and others saw it clearly and knew it well in the morning of its maturity. Henry once wrote that his motto was likely to be deeds, not words; that he should show himself rather in what he did than in what he said. In half-playfully making this remark, he intimated his self-knowledge. With a clear, rapidly acting, and retentive mind, logical in its working, with fancy and imagination enough to be brilliant, and a dash of quiet wit to make his talk pithy and pointed, he had no passion for display. No one ever could charge him with vanity or egotism. He was singularly modest, sometimes shy and reserved. He bore himself with a certain simple dignity; but he was always unobtrusive, and never directly or indirectly made any conscious show of his merits or attainments. His

want of ambition, and disregard for mere rank and reputation, would perhaps have been a serious defect, but for his sense of duty and his faithfulness to conscience. To describe him, therefore, constituted as he was, we must see what he was, and how he acted, when the trial-hour of his mettle came.

Beyond all question, it was pure, intelligent patriotism; a disinterested sentiment of humanity; a belief that the time had come for all who loved freedom, and could fight for it, to gird on the sword, and live or die in its defence, and the defence of the institutions which favored and fostered it, — beyond all question, it was these motives that induced Henry to enter the army. His course could not have been determined by any lower considerations or feelings. He was very happy and contented with his studies, and in his social position. He was almost at the commencement of a career, as a civilian, which promised certain success and distinction. Military life was not specially attractive to him: the pomp and circumstance of war did not dazzle or blind his eyes to its perils. So in his case, as — God be thanked for that! — in thousands of other cases, it was an enlightened conscience and a comprehensive philanthropy that sent him into the field

of strife; made him a soldier, not from inclination, but from principle. I am certain of this; for I have looked straight into his steady eye, and seen it there: I have marked it all in his calm speech and his still resolution.

How did he act out his ideas and his purpose? What say those who acted with him? "He was, in many respects, the foremost man among us; and in capacity and cultivation he had few equals. He was a natural leader, and his courage was equal to any man's; and these qualities made him specially valuable as an officer and companion." I know Col. Bradley, the writer of those words; and I know he must have penned them in perfect sincerity, and with a mingling of almost paternal pride and sorrow. In going to the West last winter, I was favored with many letters of introduction. There were none in the collection I valued more than half a dozen that Henry gave me to his brother-officers. It gratified and touched me to have him say in them, that he — the brave-hearted, loyal *boy*, who had proved himself so entirely a *man* — was proud to call me his friend. I regretted that I could not find the regiment, and was able to deliver but two of them. It was by the merest accident, one morning, when on a wretched, over-

loaded steamer on the Tennessee, that I overheard the name of Col. Bradley as one of a group of passengers who had come aboard the night before. I immediately inquired for him, and found him to be the man I wanted to see, — the commander of the Fifty-first Illinois. My letter made us friendly acquaintances at once. The colonel left his associates; and we sat down together on a pair of old valises, and had more than an hour's talk, which was largely — almost entirely I might say; for that is all I remember now — of Henry. The colonel wanted to know all about my young townsman, and I wanted to hear all he had to say about him. I listened for his father and mother, for his kindred, for you all. Here was one who had met Henry, as a stranger, under circumstances that made it his duty to watch him closely and test him thoroughly. Here was one who had been with Henry where temptations were thick; where hardships were severe; where dangers were great; where, as nowhere else perhaps, men's souls are tried in their inmost principles, their strength of will, and their tastes and temper. Here was an impartial and competent witness, himself a cultivated gentleman. Do you wonder that I heard all he had to say with eager ears? Do you wonder

that I venture to be egotistical, and tell you of this interview? I have done so partly because I could not help it; more because it gives you Henry, just as you want to know of him, in his later years. The colonel said to me substantially what he has said in the passage I have just quoted; and he said it under no biassing influence, such as he might be suspected of yielding to when writing, at the side of the newly-made grave, words of consolation to bereaved parents. Henry was alive and well then, and daily expecting to join his regiment. So I think we may rest on this testimony to the worth of our young soldier. It confirms our own judgment of his marked capacity, of his diligent fidelity, of his courage, of his social gifts and graces, his pure and honorable conduct. Other loving and comforting evidence all goes in the same direction. His comrades, of his own age, were all warm friends, whose respect and confidence and affection he won by his truthful, disinterested, and large-hearted living. One of them writes, "He died as the bravest soldier would deem it an honor to die, and in his death reflected honor on the State which he represented." There is a special significance here. Henry was in some sense an emigrant and a stranger among those Western young men. How

very glad we should be that he not only gained high esteem for himself personally, but so bore himself as to be respected as a representative of Massachusetts culture and character in their best form! If he had accomplished no more than this, if he had not fought and fallen for his whole country, he would not have lived and died in vain.

But it was not alone in the camp, on the march, in the field, as the active leader, the strict but just and kind disciplinarian, the able executive officer, and the endeared associate of the peaceful and social intervals of campaign life, that the strength and beauty of Henry's character were manifested. That strength and that beauty were even more impressively shown elsewhere and at other times. You must look for them in the wounded prisoner, more thoughtful of the sufferings of others than of his own; you must look for them in the always cheerful patient in the hospital, ready to meet without a murmur the amputation of a limb, to be a maimed cripple, — a harder thing to some natures (and his, I think, was such a nature) than to die; you must look for them, in a word, in those wearisome and prostrating experiences where fortitude is a hard virtue to practise, and calls for more manhood, more self-discipline, than the display of cour-

age amidst the excitement of the battle. In Henry's brief and brilliant career, this sweet passive grace was not wanting. The mild, serene light of the pearl was not hidden by the flashing lustre of the diamonds surrounding it. The man who could act could also bear; the man who could rush daringly forward to assault a bristling breastwork could lie still, and greet with a resigned smile, as it were, whatever of distress or danger awaited him, when utterly helpless to avert it.

This, as I have sketched it, was Henry's character and life. Shall I not more truly say, this was Henry himself? We have, then, not lost him; for we have the memory of what he was, and all he was. He might have been more, had he lived longer. He would have been more, but not greater; except as he shall be an example, an influence, an inspiration, as he will silently and invisibly be, God only knows to what an ever-enlarging extent. There is no earthly future for him now. He has hastily gone away to converse with what is spiritual and eternal. Amidst carnage and destruction, when nothing but a soul could be triumphant, and shine forth gloriously greater than ever, the mortal put on immortality. This translation was of Heaven's ordaining; and Heaven is wiser and kinder than we.

In trustful submission, then, let those to whom he was so unspeakably dear be glad, whilst they weep, that, though God took him when "the dew of youth was upon him," he permitted them to keep the boy, and call him theirs, until he stood up, loved and honored, in manly strength, consecrated by his own conscience, a willing sacrifice to a righteous cause. Let them be glad of this; thankful also that their prayers and anxieties and longings in his behalf have ended for the present world in his winning a name which shall be forgotten only when human hearts cease to value noble living and heroic deaths.

Here I might stop; but I think Henry, disinterested as he always was, ready as he always was to acknowledge the deserts of others, would not like to have this hour given exclusively to him. I think he would rather like to have me speak also of his comrades of every rank, and all over the wide field; of the friends who fell before him; of his townsmen who have died in the strife; of the living who have been disabled by wounds, or are still "under fire," fighting for the dear old flag, and all the grand ideas of national greatness, of unity, freedom, and humanity, it symbolizes. I think Henry would like to have me speak of these, and ask you to re-

member who they are, what they have done, and are yet doing; why they were, or why they continue, so faithful to their strange, terrible, but glorious task. I think Henry would like to have me ask you to do this, not to eulogize the dead, or praise the survivors; not to indulge in tears or mere words and feelings of sorrow and sympathy, but to renew and strengthen your own convictions as to what this great hour in your country's life and the world's life really means, and what are its grave demands upon every one of us, according to our abilities and our opportunities. I know how exceedingly well Dorchester has done; I know how many sons and brothers have gone, and been given up; I know how many hearts are with the army, how many busy hands work with a holy diligence for the sick and wounded, how freely money is poured out almost without the asking for it; I know (ungrateful it were indeed for me to forget that) how generously you have honored the dead and comforted the bereaved by your thoughtful regard. I know all this; and still I cannot help feeling, as I contrast this assembly and the appearance of the communities here at home with other scenes I have looked upon,—I cannot help feeling, you will allow me to say it frankly, I know, that we do not all

even yet quite realize what this war is, what it has cost, and what is demanded, and must be given, to insure its early and triumphant close. I cannot help feeling this; and so I venture, as I think Henry would ask me to do, as one of the best ways of using a portion of this memorial service, to pray you heed the counsel and catch the spirit of the army, as manifesting the truest and sincerest life of the times.

I have been very near to the heart of our young soldiers, — I speak now of all of them who are not merely hirelings and adventurers; of the tens of thousands who are in the ranks from principle, from a sense of duty, — I have been very near the heart of our young soldiers; and I think I know the pure, strong beat of it, in the high health of its heroic sentiments. I have stood in the presence of our young soldiers with more of reverence for them, and of humility (I had nearly said shame) for myself, than I ever felt before age or learning or wisdom. When the crisis came, they were, I think, the best judges of its signification. They were not yet biassed and prejudiced by party ties and old controversies. They were not as a class worldly-minded, ambitious seekers of place or power, enervated by luxury, enslaved by self-interest, or the

victims of a timid conservatism that dreads any disturbance of its own ease, any peril to its own safety. So, like him whom we tenderly remember to-day, they were free, in their unbribed, fresh intelligence, to see only the principles involved in the conflict, and to obey instinctively the noblest impulses. They rushed to arms to save a free Government from destruction, a free Republic from division. This was to them the only issue presented at the outset; this is to them the only issue now. And how have they proved their sincerity? how have they shown their fidelity? Go through the hospitals, so numerous as to be, taken together, great cities full of sufferers, and see the sick and wounded, who utter no syllable of complaint, and whose only regret it is that they are incapable of active duty. Go to the front, and see the tens of thousands, many of them as tenderly nurtured as any of you, and note what privation and exposure they endure cheerfully, because an inevitable necessity, without ever even wishing they had not engaged in the strife. Go to the populous camps, and ask their armed inhabitants, who have stood face to face with the grimmest realities, what they think of slavery, and its effects on the material, social, and moral condition of the sections it has cursed; and whether

they would vote, for the sake of an ignoble and poor-spirited peace, to allow it to regain an inch of the territory it has lost or is daily losing. Go to the many, many homes who have sons and brothers *now* in the fight, or who have died in fight; ask permission to read the letters they write or have written; and mark how full of high-souled, unflinching patriotism they for the most part are; how they wonder, without reproaching us, at what seems to them our apathy, our strange blindness to the teachings of events, our careless living on the edge of anarchy, our unseasonable divisions of opinion, our wretched party disputes, our forgetfulness of the fact that they are on the frontiers as it were, beating back the foe, whose success would be his own destruction, and fatal to the best hopes of the age. And well may they thus wonder; for had it not been for Henry, for our young New-England men, and the like of them, God only knows where this fair Sabbath would have found us: certainly not here in security and peace. Go to the front, and talk with those who are hardly more than boys in years, but veterans and re-enlisted veterans too, and mark, if they will let you look beneath their superficial levity, how serious and determined they are, how sublimely they have

overcome all fear of death, deeming it a mere incident, not to be thought of when duty summons them, as it daily does, to run the risk of meeting it; and mark also, how, with all their sternness or apparent recklessness, they have a tenderness for those who suffer like the tenderness of woman. Go and witness, in your imagination, that fatal charge on Kenesaw Mountain not a month ago; see who leads the leading regiment; hear his rallying words with their clarion clearness, — that old familiar voice raised to the warrior's trumpet-tones; see his flashing and firm, fair face; inquire of yourself who he is, and why he is there; then go the next evening, when all is still, — bend over that rude but lovingly-made grave near by the scene of carnage; think whose bullet-riddled body rests peacefully beneath the loosened earth, and what alone prompted him to rush so dauntlessly into mortal peril. Do this, and you will learn what the great, true story of the war is, and how single-hearted is the faithfulness of our young soldiers; learn it as you cannot do if you allow yourselves to be cheated into thoughtless living by the prosperity that surrounds you here, — where, except in the privacy of bereaved households, no marks of the conflict are visible. Having thus learned the sad, grand truth, looked

the fearfully glorious reality in the face, will you not resolve anew that those fighting for a country as much yours as theirs; fighting to win a great, peaceful future; fighting to save a mighty nation to freedom and humanity, — shall have all the support you can give them to encourage their loyal hearts? Will you not resolve anew, as the best memorial service you can render to your young hero and other heroes like him, that no word you can say shall be left unsaid, no deed you can do shall be left undone, no sacrifice you can make shall be left unmade, to help soften the horrors of this civil war, which foulest treason inaugurated, and bring it to a close in a victory that shall restore the national flag to supremacy over the whole land?

> "The spirits of the loved and departed
> Are with us."

One, the last who left us, speaking for himself, speaks for them all.

Hush! that you may hear, in the solitude of your hearts, —

> "Holy monitions, a mysterious breath,
> A whisper from the marble halls of death."

"Weep not for me. Do not praise me any more; though, indeed, I would be remembered by the

approval of your love. I only did my duty, as thousands of others have done and are still doing their duty to our common country. If my life, though it was so brief, — if my death, though it came so early, — quickens a single soul to a more unselfish devotion to the defence of freedom and good government in this hour of their peril, that will be a sweet reward, added to the inspiring consciousness which blessed me, upheld me, made me true and brave to the end; the consciousness that I was battling without hate to the foe, without one malignant or vengeful passion for what I believed to be God's own truth, and the priceless rights of humanity."

# APPENDIX.

THOSE for whom the preceding Address was originally prepared, and is now printed, will wish to learn all they can of the death of Adjutant Hall, the estimation in which he was held by his comrades, and the impression made by his gallant conduct even upon the foe. I have therefore obtained for insertion here the following extracts from letters received from his brother-officers. It is a satisfaction to be able to add such testimonials as these to the tribute it has been my sad privilege in behalf of others, in sympathy with bereaved relatives, and in accordance with my own feelings of respect and love, to pay to the character and services of my young friend.

T. B. F.

## I.

KENESAW MOUNTAIN, GA., June 28, 1864.

Rev. NATHANIEL HALL, Dorchester, Mass.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am inexpressibly pained in attempting to write to you of what I know must be one of the saddest events of your life. I telegraphed you this morning of the death of your gallant son, Adjutant Hall, of the Fifty-first Illinois. He fell about eleven o'clock, yesterday, in a charge on the rebel works in front of our position. The assaulting

column, which was led by the Fifty-first, was repulsed with heavy loss. Your son fell within ten steps of the rebel works, in front of the regiment, cheering on the men; and his body was left on the field when the brigade retired. I was in command of the brigade at the time, and, being constantly occupied on other parts of the line, did not know of his death until after we had retired, or I should have brought off his body at all hazards. Some of our men were wounded afterwards in trying to reach it; and we made an ineffectual attempt to obtain it under flag of truce. . . . His loss comes nearer to me, and hurts me more, than any that has ever fallen on us. He was, in many respects, the foremost man among us; and, in capacity and cultivation, he had few equals. He was a natural leader, and his courage was equal to any man's; and these qualities made him specially valuable as an officer and companion.

I cannot say any thing to lighten this blow. I can only assure you of our deep sympathy and sorrow for our common loss.

*Evening of 28th.* — I have just succeeded in recovering the Adjutant's body under a flag of truce, and it is being buried in our camp. He was killed instantly, in all probability; his body being pierced by several balls. His watch and other valuables had been taken from him when his body was returned to us. The enclosed ring was still on his finger; and I cut a lock of hair from his head, which I send. . . . I had an interview with the rebel officer in charge of the flag, Col. Pearson; and he promised to return me the Adjutant's sword, out of respect for his gallantry, which the rebel officers had noticed and recognized before he fell. . . .

With sentiments of the highest respect, and with the assurance of our deepest sympathy,

I remain, sir, yours very truly,

L. P. Bradley,

*Colonel Fifty-first Illinois.*

## II.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIGADE, 2D DIVISION, 14TH ARMY CORPS,
NEAR MARIETTA, GA., July 2, 1864.

SIR, — I have no doubt, that, ere this, you have received the sad news of the death of your son Henry. I take the liberty of addressing you both from motives of friendship and duty. I was fortunate enough to be at least one of his acquaintances; and I am free to confess, that the manner of and circumstances connected with his death, and his military career for the past three years, are sufficient proofs of his soldierly qualities. A braver and more gallant soldier never fell on the field of battle in defence of his country. It will probably be of some interest as well as satisfaction to yourself and family to know something about the circumstances of his death in the desperate charge by our forces on the enemy's trenches on June 27, 1864. On June 29, a flag of truce had been agreed on between the enemy and ourselves for the burial of the dead, as the stench became almost intolerable to both sides; and common humanity demanded that something should be done to pay the last sad tribute to the fallen brave. The benefits were mutual. I availed myself, as soon as I ascertained the fact of the flag of truce, of the opportunity to ascertain the fate of some of my personal friends (your son one of them). I inquired of Col. Rice, of the rebel army, if he knew any thing of Adjutant Hall. He said he would inquire. In a few minutes, a Lieut. Martin, of the rebel army, informed me that one of his men had some papers which he had taken from the body of a dead Union officer by the name of H. Hall, Adjutant Fifty-first Illinois; and that his body was then within twelve or fifteen feet of the rebel works, one of the foremost of our dead; and he would get the papers, which he did. He handed me several visiting-cards, with your son's name on them; also some official documents:

all of which (except one of the cards) I turned over to Col. Bradley. I asked permission of Col. Rice to procure his remains, which he kindly agreed to have delivered to our lines. Col. Bradley, Lieut. Waterman, aide-de-camp of Gen. Morgan's staff, and others, interred the remains in or near the camp of the Fifty-first Illinois Infantry. Grave properly marked, &c.: so Col. Bradley informed me since.

I will give you, as near as I can now remember, the words of Col. Rice, who seemed to be very gentlemanly and accommodating in giving me all the information I asked concerning the fate of several of my friends. He told me, that, on the day when the charge was made by our troops, he ordered his men behind their works not to fire until our troops came close up to them. He said he noticed our troops advancing; *your* son on the right, and a little in advance of the front line, with drawn sword, giving orders to the men. The colors were a little in the adjutant's rear and left. The men seemed to crowd around the colors, and behind your son. He said he noticed your son in particular, as he seemed to be (as he supposed) the principal officer in the front, with his sword bloody some twelve or fifteen inches down from the point. When within twelve or fifteen feet of the trenches, the rebels delivered a volley, mowing down all in the front rank, and many in the rear. Your son fell at this fire, pierced by eleven bullets, — two through the breast; one in the face, cutting part of the upper lip; the remainder in other parts of his body. He no doubt expired instantly. Col. Rice and some other rebel officers who were there at the time said he was one of the bravest and most gallant men they had ever seen, and seemed to regret the necessity of firing on so brave a foe; "but," said the colonel, "it was dangerous to let him come farther." Even the enemy spoke well of him as a brave and gallant soldier; "considered him a dangerous foe." All of his friends are willing to accede

to this. I have the promise of Col. Rice, that he will make diligent inquiry and search for your son's sword, and whatever else was taken from his body, and return it to me under flag of truce, if he should succeed in finding them.

I have given you a detailed account of the manner in which your son met his death; believing that no one else in our army had probably the same information which I was fortunate enough to obtain; and hope it will, to some extent, soothe the pangs of sorrow which yourself and family experience in his loss, by knowing that your son met with his death in the full discharge of his duty, and at his post; and that his conduct and daring bravery are not only the admiration of his many friends, but even of the enemy whom he fought so bravely, and at whose hands he met his death. Should I succeed in recovering his sword, or any thing else belonging to him, I will carefully preserve them, and forward to your address as soon as opportunity offers.

I have the honor to be
Your most obedient and humble servant,

THEO. WISEMAN.

Rev. NATHANIEL HALL, Dorchester, Mass.

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## III.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIGADE, 2D DIVISION, 14TH ARMY CORPS,
KENESAW MOUNTAIN, GA., July 1, 1864.

To Miss HALL.

DEAR FRIEND, — I will not attempt any expression of my own sorrow in writing to you of the sad intelligence already communicated by Col. Bradley, which told you of the death of Henry. . . . Your contribution to the cause of freedom has indeed

been a precious one; and, while your sorrow as a sister may not be felt by his friends and companions, we feel most deeply the loss of a generous-hearted and noble-minded companion. He died as the bravest soldier would deem it an honor to die; and, in his death, reflected honor on his father, and the State which he represented.

On the 28th, a truce having been arranged, Col. Bradley and myself went out and recovered his body. From its appearance, he probably died instantly; as he was pierced by at least ten balls. The rebel Col. Rice, whom we saw, spoke of him as one of the bravest of men, and as one who attracted and received the admiration of his soldiers for the manner in which he led the regiment. He said, when they brought in his sword, they remarked that it was the sword of a brave man. . . . He was found just as he fell, undisturbed by the enemy, except as to the watch. Col. Rice gave us three of his cards found in his pocket. Col. Bradley has one; Capt. Wiseman, a friend of Henry's, who was with us, one; and I, the third.

He was buried, with others of the regiment, in a retired spot within our lines; his grave marked and fenced.

He was the first of our circle from Chicago to go; and, while we live, the memory of him will live with us.

This is the workings of rebellion, the fearful price of government and freedom. I write with too heavy a heart to say all that I would. Accept my heartfelt sympathy for yourself and mother and father.

Yours sincerely, GEO. I. WATERMAN.

## IV.

OFFICE CHIEF QUARTERMASTER OF DEPOT,
BRIDGEPORT, ALA., July 2, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR, — It is with deepest sorrow I have just learned that your dear son has fallen, another victim in this terrible war; and I really cannot forbear writing this brief letter to assure yourself and family how truly and sincerely I sympathize with you at this time of your great trial and sore bereavement. It is now nearly three years since we together entered the service of our country, and since I learned to regard Henry as one of my best and truest friends. Our positions in the army led us much apart; yet we were often sharers of the same weary toils, marches, and dangers; and need I add, that, whatever were the hardships we were required to endure, Henry was always the same genial, pleasant companion, the same faithful, brave, and fearless soldier, the same true and sincere friend? It is less than six weeks, as he passed through this place to rejoin the regiment, that he stopped over one train to spend a few hours with me; and we enjoyed a short yet most pleasant visit together; (how little either of us realized it was the last!) And among other plans for enjoyment when this war was ended, of which we talked, was a visit with my family at your house.

But enough: my heart is too sad to write more. Your noble, precious son has gone; has given his life for our country: yet he died as a brave soldier loves to die, — in the fearless discharge of duty, and with his face to the enemy. We can leave him with our God and Father, who "doeth all things well." May he comfort and bind up your bleeding hearts!

Remember me with kindest love to each member of your family, assuring them of my tenderest sympathy.

Ever, my dear sir, most truly and sincerely,

HENRY HOWLAND,
*Captain, and Assistant-Quartermaster.*

To Rev. NATHANIEL HALL, Dorchester, Mass.

## V.

HEADQUARTERS HOSPITAL, 2D DIVISION, 4TH ARMY CORPS,
July 16, 1864.

Rev. NATHANIEL HALL.

DEAR SIR, — . . . I suppose that ere this you have received information of the death of your son. . . . I very much regret that he was interred during my absence from the regiment, being on duty at the hospital. . . . Could we have obtained his body on the day he was killed, I should have embalmed it; and we would have sent his remains home to be interred in a *Christian land:* but it was utterly impossible to do any thing of the kind when he was recovered. . . .

In conclusion, I wish to say, that, in the death of your son, our regiment has sustained a loss which cannot be repaired. As an officer, he was always prompt and efficient, whether in the office or field: he had a thorough understanding of his duties, and always performed them faithfully. As a *friend* and associate, he was unsurpassed by any in the regiment. 'Having a thorough education, and, in addition, a rich fund of originality, he was at once pleasant and instructive, and had the universal confidence, respect, and esteem, not only of our own regiment, but of all his associates. I feel myself (your son and I having been very intimate) almost as though I had lost a brother. It is indeed a mournful spectacle to see the most promising young men of our country thus prematurely called from time to eternity, in consequence of this unholy war, incited by those who owe all they have and are to the Government they are trying to overthrow. Yet I believe there is still "a God in Israel," and that the blood of the loyal sons of the North, poured out in defence of the Government, will not go unavenged by a wise and righteous Ruler.

Very respectfully, &c.,

THOS. Y. MAGEE,
*Surgeon Fifty-first Illinois Vols.*

## VI.

THE following extracts are from a private letter from Col. Bradley to his junior officer, Lieut.-Col. Davis, who was not in the battle, but absent at home recovering from a wound received some time since. They will show how fierce was the fight, and also how Adjutant Hall was spoken of in the privacy of friendly correspondence.

"We moved out in fine style; crossed some broken ground and a wet ravine, under fire from the rebel batteries; drove in their skirmishers, and came to the foot of the hill on which their works were built. We dashed up the hill and on to the works with the bayonet; planted our flags on the works; made a withering fire of bullets and spherical case; had a short, sharp struggle, and were repulsed. Harker was killed at my side as we were going in, and quite near the works. Hall fell at the head of the regiment, within ten steps of the rebel line, pierced by eleven balls. Brown, Cummings, and M'Cormick fell near the same place, with forty-seven men of the regiment. Five of the orderly sergeants fell too.

. . . . . .

"I telegraphed to Hall's father; and have written him also. No death among us has ever touched me like his. He was the most gallant man I ever saw, and a splendid fellow in all respects. His conduct in this affair came as near to the heroic as any thing I can imagine. The rebel officers, whom we met under a flag of truce to recover our dead, said, 'He was a very gallant fellow.' They had noticed him before he fell; and one of them, Col. Rice, promised to get his sword, and return it to me, as a mark of respect for his bravery. If it is returned, I shall forward it to his family."

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